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Every student of the *Antigone* of Sophocles will recall at once the discussion which verses 904-920 of that play have called forth. Did Sophocles write them? For attempts to answer that question see e.g. the commentaries by Jebb and Humphreys. If Sophocles himself wrote these verses, our estimate of his genius, so far at least as this play is concerned, will be very different from our estimate of that genius, if we are persuaded that the verses are an interpolation.

It will be remembered that in these verses, if they are genuine, *Antigone* deserts the high ground she has held throughout (that it is wisdom to obey God rather than man), and pleads now that she had felt so sorely the duty of burying her brother Polynices because, under the circumstances in which she found herself, that brother was irreplaceable! To recall the pertinent part of the passage and to pave the way for the significant portion of this note, I quote Jebb's translation of 905-912:

Never, had I been a mother of children, or if a husband had been mouldering in death, would I have taken this task upon me in the city's despite. What law, ye ask, is my warrant for that word? The husband lost, another might have been found, and child from another, to replace the first-born; but, the father and mother hidden with Hades, no brother's life could ever bloom for me again.

I, for one, hope with all my heart and soul that Sophocles never penned those words! I was reminded of them, however, instantly when the following headlines in the Bronx Home News (New York City) for April 11, 1915, caught my eyes: "Wife says easy to get Husband, but you have only one Mother".

From the rambling account beneath this caption it appeared that a certain woman had obtained a warrant against her husband for abandonment and non-support. The husband replied with the assertion that his marital troubles had arisen from the fact that the wife had insisted on sending \$4.00 or \$5.00 a week to her mother. To his objections to this procedure, which cut too deeply into his income, the wife, according to the husband's testimony in court, replied, "I can get a husband any old time, but I can never get another mother". Here we have a parallel to the saying of the wife of Intaphernes, as reported by Herodotus 3.119, and to the words ascribed by our MSS to *Antigone*. See the discussions of our passage by Jebb and Humphreys.

C. K.

THE RENAISSANCE OF GREEK

It is essential that the teacher of a subject which the modern world generally considers useless should be able to render a reason for the faith that is within him. My own creed in brief is this. Literature is the greatest thing in the world, because it is the most complete as well as the highest expression of the human spirit. Art, music, politics, war, commerce, science, compared with literature, are very limited and one-sided expressions of the human spirit. Religion itself in one important aspect is but a branch of literature: the Old Testament is practically the entire literature of the Jewish nation; the New Testament is one of the Greek Classics. The English Bible and the English Prayer Book are the greatest of our own prose classics. Literature, indeed, includes or at least reflects every other activity of mankind. Any system of education, therefore, in which literature has not the chief place is in no sense education. Language, however important as an instrument of mental discipline, has its supreme importance as the handmaid of literature. Since in School and College only a small part of the great field of literature can be surveyed, our youth should make acquaintance with what is greatest and most needs careful study. The easy and the popular may be left for their own outside reading. It is an incongruity to make of English novels a College discipline! It is a waste of time to read in class French and German authors who are often inferior to our own minor writers. There is no sillier fallacy than the common opinion that, because French and German may be some day useful in travel or business or scientific research, those languages are more important to our Schools than Greek and Latin. When the Modern Languages have produced masterpieces equal to the Greek, then and not till then may they claim a place of equal importance in the curriculum¹. Only in Greek can be found examples of the highest excellence in every branch of literature. Put all the narrative poetry in the world (all the narrative prose, too!)—except Vergil, whom we cannot know without Homer, and Dante, whom we cannot know without Vergil, and perhaps Milton, whom we

¹It is noteworthy, by the way, that the one masterpiece of the first rank in a Modern Language other than English—I mean Dante—is less studied in our Colleges even than the Greek masterpieces. Cornell with the finest Dante library in America has sometimes been without a single student of that author.

cannot know without both Homer and Vergil—in the balance with Homer, and the scale “quick up-flies and kicks the beam”! Apart from Shakespeare, all the dramatic poetry in the world is as dust in the balance compared with Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. It is perhaps because of the mere accident which has deprived us of most of the rich store of Greek lyric poetry that we find more range and depth in modern lyrics, but, after all, no modern lyrist has even approached the music and splendor of Pindar. The name of Sappho is still a synonym for the perfection of passionate utterances, the lyric cry. Nor is there in modern literature anything like the choral odes of the Attic dramatists. In prose almost all language sounds tame and colorless, or labored and artificial, or heavy and obscure, beside the Greek of Plato.

But Greek literature has even greater claims to make. In the brief list of authors just cited, I did not include Aristophanes, Thucydides, and Demosthenes; and yet these three stand equally at the head of all writers in their several departments of literature—comedy, history, and oratory. Nor did I include such later writers as Lucian, Plutarch, and Theocritus; and yet these three, minor authors as they are, stand easily first in satire, biography, and pastoral poetry², and have wielded an enormous influence in the history of literature. From the Greek Anthology I could name half a dozen writers who, in any other literature than the Greek, would stand in the first class. I have dwelt upon the form rather than the content of Greek literature, merely because that cannot be translated, whereas Greek thought, of course, has become the possession of the whole world. In the ancient Greek language we have the most perfect instrument ever invented for the expression of thought; besides its beauty and richness, it has a flexibility, a delicacy, a precision, a logicalness superior to those of any other tongue. No other written language has ever come so near to the warmth and the life of the warmest and liveliest uttered speech. I should like to listen to talk of living men that had half the life in it that still burns and shines in the printed pages of Plato! Even French prose at its best falls far short of Plato's prose.

Plato, moreover—though some of his ideas may seem to us fantastic, though some have become common-places—teems with stimulating ideas as no other author does; it sometimes seems as though the seed of every fruitful and helpful thought at work in the world to-day is to be found in Plato; in Emerson's well-known phrase, “great havoc makes he among our originalities”. There would certainly be no Emerson without Plato; it is hardly too much to say that there would be no such thing as Christianity, for next to the New Testament it is Plato who has contributed most to

Christian thought. The world, whatever progress it may make, can never outgrow Plato; and our twentieth century American might learn more from this ancient Greek thinker than from all our own writers and thinkers on what we call the great questions of the day.

Aristotle it is hardly necessary to mention—it is not primarily to lovers of literature that he appeals—for even men who care little for literature recognize in him the first if not the foremost name in many fields of thought, and no serious student of ethics or logic or rhetoric or literary criticism or politics or economics or sociology or psychology or physics or metaphysics can know his subject without making acquaintance with Aristotle. No such acquaintance is possible without Greek, for Aristotle's style is, I suppose, of all prose styles the most untranslatable³.

Next to Plato and Aristotle it is the Stoics who have contributed most to Christian thought—that noble school of thinkers which grew out of the teachings of Socrates, and which found in the stern Roman mind such congenial soil that Stoicism might almost be called the religion of the Roman Empire, until Christianity absorbed both Stoicism and the Empire. The great Stoic books are Greek books; the works of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius remain the most helpful of all religious books outside of the New Testament—and that too is Greek!

Another aspect of the study of Greek literature would require a lecture to itself. Modern literature everywhere is suffering from the effects of the Romantic Movement, or from the reaction against that movement which we call Realism. For all that is sordid, morbid, trivial, one-sided, or superficial in modern books there is no better corrective than the tonic influence of the clear-eyed Greeks, “who saw life steadily and saw it whole”, but missed nothing that was beautiful and noble and eternally true. Romanticism degenerates into sentimentality, Realism into sordidness, but Classicism at its best is both intensely human and intensely idealistic. There has been no period in the world's history since the Middle Ages when literature has so much needed a classical revival as it does to-day. If you doubt this statement, all you have to do is to read the most thoughtful fiction—and fiction is the chief output of modern literature—that is being produced in England, in Germany, in France, in Russia, in Scandinavia, in Italy and in Spain. My own belief is that a revival of literature will be preceded, if it comes at all, by a revival of the study of Greek.

When such a staunch defender of the faith as the President of Hamilton College insists on retaining the Greek requirement for the degree in arts, he finds himself opposed not only by undergraduates but also by alumni and trustees. Yet he has shown by statis-

²For the influence of Theocritus on Pastoral Poetry see Professor Mustard's paper in *THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY* 8.161-166.

³For some of Aristotle's contributions to science see *THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY*, 5.57-58, 65-66.

tics that in the sixteen years since Hamilton has conferred other degrees than those given in arts, only twenty percent of College honors have fallen to the candidates for such other degrees. Similar statistics are available for Dartmouth College and Wesleyan University, and now for Princeton too, proving that the Greek men take far more than their share of honors and distinguish themselves as well in fields remote from the Classics. Even the thoughtless College man realizes that the student who does well with Greek is likely to have the ability to succeed with anything else that he takes up; and the study of Greek, even if it cease to be a magnet capable of attracting the best minds, will remain a touch-stone to test the mettle of men's intellect.

In fact, the 'difficulty of Greek' is perhaps the chief reason for its unpopularity—a sad commentary on the moral backbone and mental muscle of the modern student. Except for its vocabulary, however, it is in reality no more difficult than Latin, one quarter of the vocabulary of which has passed over into our own language. It is certainly no harder than mathematics; and, besides providing a mental discipline quite comparable with that of mathematics, it is—what mathematics can surely not claim to be—the highway to the richest kingdom in all the realms of gold, a literature superior even to the English in artistic beauty and uniform excellence.

Men claim, however, that, in the years they can devote to instruction in Greek, they do not travel far enough upon this highway to get a vision of the kingdom, that only a smattering can be acquired, and that even that smattering is soon forgotten. There is truth in this, but of what subject *does* a man get more than a smattering in College, and what subject does he *not* forget if he does not keep it up in after life? A man is not educated when he leaves College; he is only started on the way: he has learned the direction in which to go; he has learned how to travel. That is all that teachers can do for him; the rest—the real process of education—is for his own achievement. If men do not go on growing intellectually all their lives, if they do not go on reading and studying, their College years have been wasted. If they do not form in College a taste for good literature, a taste that will be a source of consolation, of inspiration, and of power all their lives long, they had better never have come to College; their minds will never grow, if *there* they do not begin to grow, and they would better be employed in training their hands and muscles for some useful manual labor.

Now, one cannot go very far in the cultivation of a taste for good literature without going back to Greece. As a rule, only works of the highest excellence have come down to us from ancient Greece, works which are the model and the source of all other literatures. Even in College—yes, even if one begins Greek in College—a student can make acquaintance with some of the chief masterpieces, and can carry away enough

to make him a different man from his Greekless fellows, to give him a different attitude to all literature from that of less fortunate students. In the expressive phrase of Mr. John Jay Chapman, such a student "breathes from a different part of his anatomy".

Let me tell you what has been done with Greek in College by men of no exceptional ability. In the Freshman year they have mastered the essential minimum of grammar—an athletic task, but for how great a prize!—and have read some simple Attic Greek. Perhaps in Xenophon's *Anabasis* they have forced their way with those lifelike, open-eyed, open-minded Greek soldiers into the heart of the Persian Empire, over the very road that a century later was to be the highway of Alexander the Great's world-conquering career, and more than three centuries later still the highway of St. Paul's career of world-conquest—a very different conquest, but one that would have been impossible without that of Alexander, as his might not have been possible without the *Anabasis* of the Ten Thousand. Later, perhaps, in Xenophon's *Memorabilia* they have met Socrates face to face and talked with him, with whom to talk is in itself a liberal education. Later, again, in Plato they have read the defense of Socrates before his accusers, his latest discourse in prison, and the simple, affecting account of his execution—masterpieces of the world's prose which never lose their power to inspire and move the heart. In Herodotus they have met the first of historians and the most delightful of story-tellers, looking with eager, childlike eyes upon a new world, to us so old; in Thucydides the greatest of all historians dealing with the most tragic episode in all history, the downfall of the most brilliant experiment in democracy that the world has seen until our own day. In Demosthenes they have listened to the very voice of Greece herself in its last authentic utterance, as the greatest of orators pleads for the liberty of Hellas, threatened with inevitable extinction.

Meanwhile our students have read some books of Homer (and that alone would be worth the price of admission!), with whom all literature begins and all education begins. Homer, as Plato said, was the educator of Greece; and Greece has been the educator of the world. There has never been any schooling in the West in which Homer has not had an important place; and the American boy who reads *Iliad* or *Odyssey* in the original is sitting on the same bench with Goethe, with Milton, with Vergil, with Julius Caesar, with Alexander the Great, with Plato himself and his master Socrates. The course, then, that generally stands among the first in the American College curriculum is the only one which has been in the curriculum as long as there have been schools; it antedates the English language by two milleniums; it antedates by centuries the ancient Latin tongue. What is more, it gives the student a first-hand acquaintance with the perfection of poetical expression, as Plato does with the perfection of prose expression; beside such perfec-

tion of language, our finest English, except in rare patches, seems bare and poor indeed. If the study of Greek meant nothing more than an acquaintance with these two authors, it would be well worth while; and these two authors are both so easy and so attractive and so copious that a man can go on reading them, and re-reading them, with profit and delight, for the rest of his days. But besides Homer the four-year student can read one play each of the great dramatists, the tragic triumvirate, Aeschylus, creator of tragedy, Sophocles, its perfecter, and Euripides, in whose hands it became a new thing, the beginning of modern drama; and Aristophanes, too, not only the greatest of humorists but also one of the greatest of lyric poets. He will read the Prometheus Bound of Aeschylus, the most famous drama in the world, the one which has most influenced the thought of mankind, unmatched in its Titanic grappling with the greatest of problems, unexcelled in its poetic beauty and sublimity. Its distant echo in the Prometheus Unbound of Shelley is a witness to its power, for, far as the English poet comes from the Greek, he has yet achieved the grandest poem in English since Milton. Our student will read, perhaps, the Oedipus Rex of Sophocles, the perfection of tragic art, or perhaps the Antigone, supremely beautiful in its noble theme and its noble heroine. In Euripides he will find the beginnings of romanticism, of realism, of scepticism, of modernism in general; he will find less heroic characters and less artistic finish, but beauty still, especially in the lyrics, and thoughtful, but bold and novel, treatment of the same great problems; heroines like Iphigenia or Alcestis, almost worthy to stand beside Antigone, and heroes like Ion or Hippolytus, almost worthy of a place by their side. In Aristophanes he will find a marvelous medley of broad farce and boisterous fun, of keen satire, clever parody, and mocking burlesque, combined with an earnest purpose and a moralist's fervor, and lighted up by a playful fancy and a lyrical sweetness that find expression in many a lovely song—such a medley as may be found nowhere else in all the world.

Surely no other course in the curriculum offers so much as this; and, even if a man is going to forget his Greek in after life (it is his own fault if he does, for fifteen minutes a day would suffice to keep it up), he is not going to forget the impression made upon him by such masterpieces; they become part and parcel of his mind for evermore.

The chief argument, however, against the study of Greek is its so-called 'uselessness'; what use for a 'dead' language in modern life? It is cash value the critics mean by 'utility', nothing more, nothing less; and if only studies 'useful' in this sense are to be retained, we shall soon see our Schools giving only a smattering of English—the worse it is, the better, apparently, for commercial purposes—, with mathematics enough for an accountant or an engineer; the study of history will be reduced to current events, the study of economics reduced to mere finance; physics,

chemistry, and biology will be taught simply as an introduction to commercial pursuits, and all subjects in the curriculum will be related to manual training or strictly vocational work. You cannot train men for intellectual efficiency except by broadening and disciplining their minds, by giving them ideas and ideals, and making them acquainted with the highest standards of excellence in language and literature and life. Other studies are well enough; we all believe heartily in manual training and vocational training; we agree that the state should provide them for all its future citizens: only, do not call them education! Let such training be given on top of intellectual education, or side by side with it; but never let it take the place of mental culture except only in the case of those for whom force of circumstances or lack of brain makes intellectual education impossible. Culture is the true end of true education, even as practical efficiency is the proper object of technical or professional training; culture provides not only the broadest but also the surest foundation for the *highest* type of efficiency; vision should precede service, and "where there is no vision, the people perish".

James Russell Lowell, in a memorable address delivered at Harvard University in 1886, clearly pointed out these fallacies of education, which have, nevertheless, been gaining ground ever since. Indeed, Harvard turned a deaf ear to the wise counsels of one of her most illustrious sons, and set the bad example which the rest of America has been only too ready to follow⁴.

Said James Russell Lowell, in the address referred to above:

Only those languages can properly be called dead in which nothing living has been written. If the classical languages are dead, they yet speak to us, and with a clearer voice than that of any living tongue. . . . If their < the Greeks' > language is dead, yet the literature it enshrines is rammed with life as perhaps no other writing, except Shakespeare's, ever was or will be. It is as contemporary with to-day as with ears it first enraptured, for it appeals not to the man of then or now, but to the entire round of human nature itself.

The sneer at 'dead languages' is best answered, I think, in one fine line of poetry,

Dead to the dead, but to the living life.

When Lowell was asked what was his notion of a University, he answered, "A University is a place where nothing useful is taught", meaning that its highest office was "to distribute the true Bread of Life, the 'pane degli angeli', as Dante called it, and to breed an appetite for it". It is the greatest of all teachers who has most finely expressed the ideal of education: "It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God", "Is not the life more than meat

⁴Within the last few years Harvard, under the leadership of another Lowell, is apparently beginning to see the error of her ways.

and the body than raiment?" That lesson is the one most needed by our materialistic age, with its vaunted 'Christian' civilization, when even education must have an eye to the daily bread rather than to the Bread of Life, and to the Almighty Dollar rather than to the Almighty and the prophets through whom he has spoken. In these days when, in Emerson's fine phrase, "Things are in the saddle and ride mankind", we need often to be reminded that "the business of life is not business, but life".

HOBART COLLEGE.

H. H. YEAMES.

(To be concluded)

REVIEWS

The House-door on the Ancient Stage. By W. W. Mooney, Princeton University Dissertation. Baltimore: Williams and Wilkins Co. (1914). Pp. 105.

A well-known passage in Plutarch's *Life of Poplicola* reads as follows:

All the doors in Greece formerly opened outwards, as they state on the evidence of the comedies, because those who are about to go out of a house knock and rattle the inside of their own doors, so that such as are passing by or standing before them may hear and not be caught by the doors opening out into the street.

Helladius, in Photius's *Bibliotheca*, writes in similar fashion. This notice has often been referred to but has never hitherto received adequate treatment. It now constitutes the core about which Professor Mooney has grouped several related problems to form a Princeton dissertation.

Chapter I (11-18) assails the view which has found advocates from the sixteenth century (Lambinus) to the present, that each house represented in the back-scene of Plautus's and Terence's dramas had a doorway with two doors, an inner and an outer, and that the latter was regularly kept open by day. Mr. Mooney argues from the extant plays that *fores*, *ianua*, and *ostium* refer to but one door, which had double valves and was regularly kept closed, that in the three passages where surprise is expressed at the door being *occlusa* this word does not mean 'closed' but 'locked', that in four other passages the open door is exceptional, and that two phrases which might be taken to imply an open doorway are best explained by assuming a shallow recess in front of the door, a *prothyron* or *porticus*.

Chapter II (19-24) is a study of knocking at the door in drama and of the vocabulary used by Greek and Latin playwrights to denote it. In private life, of course, knocking was extremely common, but in tragedy it is mentioned only thrice, once each in Aeschylus, Euripides, and Seneca. In comedy, on the other hand, it is frequent; there are ten cases in Aristophanes, three in Menander, twenty-one in Plautus, and two in Terence. On the stage it is never used, so far as we can determine, to give warning of an exit from the house, but usually to bring another character upon the scene of action. Another dramatic device

for this purpose consisted in calling aloud before the house; and in tragedy this was almost the exclusive expedient, doubtless because of its greater dignity. Since the Spartans are said to have employed this method of summoning their neighbors, instead of knocking, possibly its use in drama is a survival of a primitive custom.

The next two chapters (25-41, 42-48) bring Dr. Mooney to the kernel of his task. From literary and archaeological evidence he concludes that Plutarch is correct in the first half of his statement. In other words, the street doors of private houses among the Greeks did originally open outwards; but, as the result of restrictive and prohibitory legislation, a gradual change took place between the fifth and the fourth century. When a back-scene was introduced in the Athenian theater, therefore, its doors were made to conform to what must still have been the normal practice, and from this precedent theatrical doors continued to open outwards not only in Greece but also in Italy. Private doors among the Romans seem always to have opened inwards, except possibly in prehistoric times. But Plutarch is mistaken in the second part of his statement, i.e. in the assertion that characters, before leaving their houses, intentionally knocked as a warning to those already in the street. In the case of private houses, at the time when street doors opened outwards, such a warning may have been needed; but on the stage, where every actor knew the whole course of the action and consequently when to keep away from the doors, it served no useful purpose. It could be explained only as a realistic tradition arising from the daily manners of an earlier age. But, as a matter of fact, a study of the extant dramas and of the words *ψοφεῖν* and *crepare* (*concrepare*) indicates no such usage. These verbs are capable of referring to knocking and are occasionally so used in connection with a character's leaving the stage and, of course, *could* be used if a character knocked before his entrance; but in actual practice there is no sure instance of knocking before an entrance upon the stage, and several scenes are found in which it would be highly inappropriate. Accordingly, *ψοφεῖν* and *crepare* probably refer to the accidental grating or creaking of the door or to some other unintentional sound. Plutarch's notice is evidently derived from some scholiastic writer like Didymus, and the latter part of it is a mistaken deduction from the transitive (causative) use of *ψοφεῖν* in phrases like Menander's *ἐψόφηκε τὴν θύραν τις ἐξιών*. Here *ψοφεῖν* does not imply knocking or any other intentional noise.

So far Professor Mooney's dissertation is an excellent piece of workmanship. Every serious student of scenic antiquities has felt the need of just such a discussion as is here afforded. Though I do not consider his conclusions absolutely final, they are undoubtedly the most reasonable which are at present available. The main weakness is that his arguments